

them vp: onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue:  
thou ridest on a fothcloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* Yes, what of that?

*Cade* Mary I say thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare  
a cloake, when an honeste man then thy selfe, goes in liis hose  
and dublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All* Kent, what of Kent?

*Say* Nothing but *terra bona*.

*Cade* *Bonum terum*, sounds whats that?

*Dick* He speakes French.

*Will.* No, tis Dutch.

*Nick* No, tis Outtalian, I know it well inough.

*Say.* Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar wrote,  
Term it the ciuil st place of al this land,  
Then noble country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

*Cade* But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

*Say* It is the palsie, and not feare that makes me.

*Cade* Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen  
with me, if thou getst away, but ile make thee sure enough, now  
I haue thee: go take him to the standard in Cheapside & chop  
off his head, & then go to Milend-greeu, to sir James Cromer  
his son in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me  
vpon two poles presently.

*Away with him.*

*exit one or two with the Lord Say.*

There shall not a nobleman weare a head on his shoulders,  
But he shall pay me tribute for it:  
Nor there shal not a maid be married, but he shal see to me for  
Maiden head or else, ile haue it my selfe, (hers  
Mary I will that married men shal hold of me in capite,  
And that their wiues shal be as free as hart can think, or tongue

*Enter Robin.*

(can tell.

*Robin* O capitaine! London bridge is a fire.

*Cade* Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and  
squench it.

*Enter Dicke and a sergeant.*

*ser.*

*ser.* Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this  
fellow here.

*Cade* Why, what has he done?

*ser.* Alas sir, he has rauisht my wife.

*Dick* Why my lord, he woud haue rested me,  
And I went and entred my Aetion in his wiues paper house.

*Cade* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,  
You horson villaine, you are a sergeant, youle  
Take any man by the throte for twelue pence,  
And rest a man when hees at dinner,  
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth:  
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his tong for cogging,  
Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
Braue him with his owne mace.

*exit with the sergeant.*

*Enter two with the Lord Saies head, and sir James  
Cromers, vpon two poles.*

So, come cary them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them  
kisse together.

*Enter the duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the  
Earle of Comberland.*

*Cliff.* Why country men and warlike friends of Kent,  
What meanes this mutinous rebellion,  
That you in troupes do muster thus your selues,  
Vnder the conduct of this traitor Cade?  
To rise against your soueraigne lord and King,  
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
If you forsake this monstrous rebell here?  
If honour be the marke whereat you ayme,  
Then haste to France, that our forefathers wonne,  
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
And leaue to seeke your countries ouerthrow.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford. *They forsake Cade.*

*Cade* Why how now, will you forsake your generall,  
And ancient freedome which you haue posselt,  
To bend your neckes vnto their seruile yokes,  
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp?

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